Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, JUNE 18, 1914 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

ROADSIDE FLOWERS

We are the roadside flowers,
  Straying from garden grounds;
Lovers of idle hours.
  Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
  If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
  The stragglers left behind.

And Io, the Lord of the Garden,
  He makes His sun to rise,
And His rain to fall like pardon
  On our dusty paradise.

On us He has laid the duty—
  The task of the wandering breed—
To better the world with beauty,
  Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,
  Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason.
  The Lord of the Garden knows.

Bliss Carman.

From the Ladies Home Journal.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1914 NUMBER 16

WORDS

God wove a web of loveliness,
  Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
  So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth
  With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
  Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small
  But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith
  That touch the garment's hem.

—*Anna Hempstead Branch.*

Current Opinion says that Robert Hughes finds use for the idle rich as material for a "new novel of the ultra-smart set who march and move to the ragtime rhythm of the turkey trot," entitled "What Will People Say?"

The United States forest nurseries are adding twenty-five million young trees annually to the timber resources of the country. If individuals, farm and lot owners in village and country, would only supplement this work with a proportionate diligence, perhaps nature would keep up even with our wasteful devastation. How ungracious is the indolence and reluctance of man, that fails to become an active partner in the splendid corporation with unlimited capital: "Nature, Human Nature & Co."

The well authenticated letter from a firm of wholesale liquor dealers in Kansas City, going out of business, and, offering to furnish a mailing list of their customers to a liquor cure establishment, deserves wider publicity. The frankness of this document would be refreshing were it not so brutal. Why should the wholesale trafficers and manufacturers of the miserable stuff escape the odium and ethical condemnation which an enlightened public heaps increasingly upon the retail dealer? The saloonkeeper who sells the stuff by the glass has to pay the penalty of his degrading business in the social distrust of his neighbors. He is a marked man as he walks to and from his business, but the fellow who manufactures the stuff by the barrel and ships it in carload lots, still lives on the boulevard, rides in his automobile and expects that his wife and daughters will be allowed to enter good society.

Germany claims the honor of having produced the largest ship afloat. The *Vaterland* has a capacity for 5,000 persons, and is over one-fifth of a mile long. It arrived in New York on its first trip May 21st. Is it the safest ship? This question can not be answered by the engineer, for safety on the high seas is not a matter of steel construction nor of mechanical skill. In the last analysis the lives of those afloat in these great water cities are entrusted to the brains of the management. The Secretary of the Navy has banished all wine messes from his realm. Is it not time that the demands of business safety, as well as respect for social decency, exclude all drinking of intoxicants from the merchant marine and great passenger liners. The water is so deep, land so far away and lives so sacred, that no chances ought to be taken. The coolest brain, clearest judgment and steadiest hand, are none too efficient safeguards. The first glass of wine is one step towards unreliability of brain, judgment and hand. It is known that there had been a great banquet on board the *Titanic* the night it went down. Had there been anybody drinking that foggy night in the Gulf of St. Lawrence?

George Brandes, the great Danish critic, now sojourning in America, is reported to have said that marriage was evolved as a safeguard "against the crass brutality of men. It is meant as a protecton for the woman and child." This is a point of view too much neglected. The bill introduced in Congress prohibiting the intermarriage of black and white is a bill which refuses this safeguard to the woman who may have a drop of colored blood in her veins. It is a bill to shield and encourage the "crass brutality" of white men, who will continue to gratify their lust without any fear of being held responsible for their acts. The law that is needed in the District of Columbia and throughout the South is one that would hold a white man responsible for his child, whether the mother be black or white. Intermarriage between the races, sanctified by religion and enforced by law, is a thousand times less degrading and de-humanizing than the present situation, which results in the continuous and, according to some good authorities, increasing stream of mulatto children born into the world. When will our legislators, scientists and victims of "negrophobia" face the mulatto problem? Not until our vital statistics frankly report the mixed product will the sociologist have any adequate data to work upon. The constant

bleaching of the so-called "colored race" is evidence of the damnable fact that much of the so-called race prejudice is only a social prejudice. It is not the repugnance of the white man to the black woman, but it is the race arrogance, the social conceit, which deserves much more drastic handling than it has ever received. Those whose prejudices are such a cruel handicap to hundreds and thousands of children of white men, who, in spite of the licentiousness of a long line of white forbears, still inherit the brains, the intellect and the spiritual capacities of their Caucasian ancestors. When will our lawmakers and moralists begin to protect the rights and promote the interests of the white men slightly tinged with color, that maternal tinge, generally representing the purer, more self-denying and offspring-loving parental strain?

The Question of Endowments

"I believe in the preachers' and editors' good work. I hope the work will continue, but I don't believe in endowments. You cannot endow ideas. You should not deprive the future generations of the privileges and obligations to pay for what they get. Church endowments have proved handicaps."

These are some of the arguments that many generous and public-spiriter men urge when asked for funds to perpetuate the non-tangible interests of life. Unintentionally these arguments reveal either a lack of faith in ideas or an over-faith in things. The fact is we are all pensioners of the past, and the higher the life and the more elaborate it may be environed with material luxuries in the shape of houses, lands, pictures, draperies and the costly "necessities" of city life, lighted streets, sewered and watered cities, the greater is our indebtedness to the past.

The "self made man," the one who boasts that "he pays his way," is as much a parasite on organized society, dependent on the acumulated generosities of his fore-elders as is the veriest beggar on the street. The rich man that is not touched with humility at recognition of the large unearned increment in his wealth, and the unrendered tax which accumulates against him spite of his honesty in the presence of the assessor, has been rendered blind by his dollars. He has lost the ethical perspective through his prosperity. No man is *rich* enough to pay the expense of his own child through any college of repute. The wise man knows that the most valuable part in his child's training comes from the gratuitious gifts of benevolent and self-denying contributors whose bodies are long since mouldering in the grave.

Why should there be so much more faith in brick and mortar than in the ideas that shaped the walls and the ideals to promulgate which the walls were builded.

Each stone building properly constructed, each elm tree planted on the lawn, each apple tree transplanted into an orchard, are investments for the benefit of the unborn, endowments which will supply sore needs and which the said unborn could never supply themselves with. The elm will never cast its shade over the planter and the fruit of the apple tree will be gathered by the grandchild of him who plants.

As a matter of fact the only funds that can be safely secured for the future are those invested in spirit whose business it is to seek and promulgate ideas. Investments in real estate are often misplaced. Stone churches by the vicissitudes of progress have become livery stables, hospitals have been transformed into tenement houses of low degree and many an overbuilded campus has become grass grown because there was no money to pay for the teachers who alone make an educational institution. Thomas Huxley in his address at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University congratulated the management for having postponed their building schemes. He said: "Beware of architects! When you have provided for the support of the ablest teachers procurable in Europe or America, when you have the best scientific equipment available, and all the books you need, then if you have any money left send for an architect to put a façade on your building." This is the truer way of serving the future. Surely buildings, corner lots and all the tangible paraphernalia of morals and religion, of charities and reforms are perishable, changeable and oftentimes corruptible, but human souls dealing with ideas committed to principles are the most reliable things within the ken of mortals, the safest thing to invest in; and they present the highest demands upon the honest citizen of the world. Harvard College has outgrown its old buildings, changed the campus radically, but the endowments that reach back to the days of puritan orthodoxy, the money that for the time was meant to promulgate the grimmest Calvinism makes it now a free school for freest minds. Darwin and Spencer, Bergson and Emerson, represent the "stock in trade" in the intangible wealth of Harvard College. If half the concern now exercised by men of means concerning the machinery that protects the body and repairs its damages was devoted to the promulgation of ideas, the production and multiplication of spiritual ideals, the very beggary and ignorance that they seek to cure would more rapidly vanish.

It is only a shallow reader of History that dreads or opposes the endowment of churches. A study of contemporary sociology brings out clearly the fact that only such churches as are sustained by the accumulated benefactions of the past or the compulsory support of the present are in the line of municipal efficiency. The real student of history glories in the mighty potency of the Catholic Church, and the great efficiency of the English established churches, because of their

vast resources directed in the main by consecrated men and women whose judgments have been trained under the accumulated material as well as spiritual resources of the past. This is what led such radical men as James Martineau and Moncure D. Conway to look forward to a free established church as the ideal of democracy, as the goal of progress, for surely the spiritual welfare of children, the civic, spiritual and the moral forces of the community are poorly sustained by pew rents and the weekly collections of churches that live from hand to mouth on the irregular and prudential "support" of pew owners.

What is true of churches is still truer of newspapers. The vice of journalism lies in the fact of the thrifty philosophy that says a paper that is not self-supporting had better die, while the lamentable truth is that a paper that must be self-supporting is constantly menaced by the temptations that when yielded to make its life demoralizing instead of inspiring.

Nothing is sure in a changing and growing world but the surest of all things are ideas and the noblest of all investments are those made in the interests of ideas and ideals. The only materialism that is to be dreaded is the materialism that puts the well-being of the body above the well-being of the mind and that refuses to add to the great inherited endowments of morals and religion the added contributions which is simply the honest business dues of those who live in the present. The Lord of the universe assesses his taxes *ad valorum,* not *per capita.* In proportion as you have accumulated must the taxes be paid.

No age, more than an individual, can ever lead an independent life. That independency alone is justified that reverently recognizes its dependency upon a generous past and its obligation to a needy future, for the next generation must needs begin where we leave off. They should not be asked to fight over again our battles or to live again through our struggles. Where swamps and mosquitoes once bred malaria are now orchards and clover fields and those who live on the old farm have sufficient tasks of their own still left them.

Alas for these later tenants if they do not pass on the bounty which they have inherited, with interest. Comfort in ideas, the disinterestedness of love, the search of truth, and the practice of the humanities, represent the greatest inheritance; and to pass on the same to coming generations should be the greatest concern of capitalists whether these capitalists deal with dollars or with ideas. Why should the professional man be called upon to enrich the future with his brains while the business man should only deal in brick and mortar and real estate which, as history shows, are the most transient, unreal deceptive and disappointing things that a living present can contribute to a waiting future. Propagation of ideas can be successfully encouraged from generation to generation. Material things may and may not be made available to the future by the generosity of those now living.

A Little Garden of Mysticism

I.

The Validity of "Mysticism", and the Unity of Faith

UNITY is happy in having as one of its most faithful and valuable contributors a broad-guage Universalist minister, Joseph Fort Newton, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Two years ago he wrote a small book of two hundred pages and called it "The Eternal Christ: Studies in the Life of Vision and Service."* To one reader, at least, these titles left the joy of discovering for himself that in opening the book he was entering a little Garden of Mysticism. To be sure, the dedication might have told him: "To my Mother, a sweet Christian Mystic, who first taught me of the Eternal Christ." The Garden had such charm that the finder carefully explored it three times from wall to wall, and would like to tell others what he found in it. Those who have not leisure to read such books as Rufus Jones and Evelyn Underhill write, but who may like to know better than they do what "Mysticism" means, can catch something of its claim and spirit and method by looking and listening along the four paths of this little Garden; while they who hope some time to reach the large books can hardly make happier approach than by this Garden way.

The first of the four paths seeks to show the validity of Mysticism. The second, to show that both below and above the differences in religion lie certain unities, and that these unities are essentially the faiths of Mysticism. The third leads to sources of culture that make it possible for the soul to attain the mystic experience. And on the fourth we witness the joyous fellowship with "the Eternal Christ," which the experience may become. By the time we reach the end we have a revelation of the best thought and spirit—of what? Of modern Universalism, of course, if so it be; but also, and even more certainly, of modern Orthodoxy. Are the two indeed so nearly one? Apart from its own truth and beauty, it is this revelation of two supposedly contrary Christian systems coming to unity in Mysticism that makes the book significant. Can Unitarianism, also, in *its* best thought and spirit, be included as a third in the identification? Let us enter the Garden and see.

First, along the path of the Mystic Vision and its Validity.—Prophets, poets and mystics are kin: what is it that they all see and hear, but the mystics more

*Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, 1912. Price, $1.00.

than the other two? Visions and Voices that break from the skies of the spirit, from a realm of light and beauty of which this visible world is but the shadow and symbol. Most of us believe in that inner spiritual world; the directness and intensity with which it is *realized* is what makes the mystics. To themselves, at least, they seem to commune directly with the very Life of the universe.

But if what these see and hear is in truth *there,* why do not all see and hear it? One can only reply: There are Peter Bells of the spirit as well as of primroses, and the number of Peters is Legion. Yet all of us do see a little, and all who will may see more. To each and every man self-consciousness is one's private, personal key to the world of spirit; but of all that transpires in that inner world naught can be outwardly proven from one to another. They see who can see, and the closest approach to verification of another's report is to duplicate the experience. Necessarily this is no absolute verification. Still, all down the ages apparent duplications abound. There is a multitude who report from their inward experience seemingly similar ineffable realities, and who are themselves so assured of their reality that the assurance transfigures their life. The Vision comes, or the Voice, and lo, they are "prophets, changed from timid, careless, even wayward men into champions of truth and right, rebukers of kings, and justifiers of the ways of God to man. Or they are mystics, whose crowning grace is a gentle and solitary air that seems too mild to give forth such vivifying energy, but whose lives mark new dates. These have an inward stillness which makes them victors in any plight, since they can at any time return to their quiet, or, better still, abide in their quiet through the tumult of war. Withal, they have a strange strength both to do and to bear; and joy and peace rise from their hearts like fragrance from a rose, like music from running water." Allowing for illusion, eccentricity, frailty—and of all these, there is much—a study of the greater mystics reveals them as, on the whole, men and women of a lofty sanity, and often of a sleepless, testing vigilance against illusion. These are the "experts" of the spirit-life. We take much in the outer world on the witness of experts; why should not the witness of the masters of inner experience be believed? Mr. Newton asks the question, and his own answer is, "Either all the apostles, martyrs, saints and mystics were mad 'with an incredible coincidence and collaboration of delusion,' or—the thing is simply true. With some of us the pressing question is not as to the objective reality of the visions of Saint Paul or of Santa Theresa, but why there is in our own lives so little of like vividness and victory.!"

"Why, indeed?" yearningly we echo, yet with a wonder whether the alternative be quite so clear-cut as that,—"either madness, or simple truth." It sounds like the hold-up argument to which liberals once were subjected: "Either Jesus was an impostor, or Jesus is God." There is something so like truth in many another man's "madness," and something so like madness—we later discover—in a good deal of our very own "truth."

Next, the path called the Unity of Faith, and again we tread well content close at the side of our leader. His opening question reveals the breadth and quality of his catholicity: "Is the difference of phraseology in the expression of teaching, the principal difference between the Christian ages?" Sects have their place and use, he thinks: the old historic churches stand for much beside their creeds, and they will abide. Fusion of all into one is not to be desired: "There was union of that kind for twelve long centuries, and there has never been anything worse." "If convictions are laid aside for the sake of union, we shall have not the unity of the Church, but the unity of the churchyard." The unity to be sought is unity of spirit under differences of belief. The devout life is the same everywhere: Emerson and Newman, Wesley and Channing, in *soul* are akin. Spiritual experience is the unifying force. Below the separating creeds there are unities of human need and faith and hope, which produce not only "conversion," but correlates of conversion; not only "Christianity," but correlates of Christianity; not only personal fellowship with Christ, but also correlates of such fellowship. "Unique and wonderful as this last experience is, they err who mistake it for the only authentic form of the Christian life. Some of the most deeply, genuinely, tenderly religious souls have not enjoyed such an experience of companionship with the Living Christ, though his spirit was revealed in their lives as the tints are in a rose. Emerson did not, nor Channing; nor Martineau, whose prayers, with their blend of love and awe, are heavenly visions, where the light of sense goes out and a Presence ineffable blurs the outlines of meditation."

Not only in the deeps of human need and trust but on the heights of human vision and service these harmonies are to be found. The revival seasons of Christian history center in one and the same great gospel of Love Triumphant, and through the centuries the happy procession of mystics maintains one shining tradition of spiritual experience. The men and women of this procession are the true Catholics, the true "apostolic succession." "Saints, poets, seers, mystics all,—a strange and radiant fellowship they make, of many races, traditions and creeds, held in the unity of the Life of the Spirit. They speak in various tongues, but in a unison of tone which each understands; a language neither ancient nor modern, but timeless, eternal, one."

Compared with these uniting experiences, "the-

ology" is but "the prose of faith,"—words thrown out at a vast reality; an art, not a science; a gallery of symbolic pictures of spiritual truth, representing the best imaginative effort of the Christian Church at various periods, and of necessity, therefore, *changing* pictures, as we may see in the successive theories of "the Cross." Useful and often beautiful, such pictures; but they should be no tests of fellowship, much less occasions for marring that charity, without which the most perfect theology is nothing." Today recognizes no finality of truth; today we should be able to combine in one rich confession truths that have long been held apart, such as "the deity of Christ with the deity of man,—two truths that are not contradictory, but one, standing or falling together in a complete Christianity." Today, moreover, demands the *living* of all truth we perceive, the resolution of vision into character and service, a vital blending of the two passions of a Saint Francis,—the love for God and the love for man.

Words from the Spirit, these. To almost every one a reverent Amen! Only, for the non-experience of Channing and Martineau we keep an after-comment. And is there need of the half-breathed sigh that, while our modern day has more light from without, it has less light from within, than the Saint Francis time? Was there really more sense of "the Immanence" in those thirteenth-century days? W. C. G.

LOVE'S FULFILLING.

O Love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond world drains
A joy to seek.

When Love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gifts; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

It hardly asks
If it be loved at all; to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss, for the beloved sake,
Of bitter tasks.

Its ecstasy
Could find hard death so beauteous;
It sees through tears how Christ loved us,
And speaks, in saying, "I love thus,"
No blasphemy.

So much we miss
If love be weak, so much we gain
If love be strong, God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

The Thomas Industrial Institute

This institution named in memory of Dr. H. W. Thomas of the People's Church opened its doors the 5th of last October.

It was a wonderful opening for an infant school. Seventy-two from Florida and neighboring states came as boarders, and half as many more as day pupils.

The people came in a throng; prominent men addressed the audience. There were prophesies and prayers, and consecrated teachers to give their best. Somehow it had come to pass that an industrial school was in our minds and the dream of some visionaries was to be realized.

A school that for $100 and an hour's work a day gave tuition, board, room, light and fuel when needed for the entire school year, and if the $100 was not in sight there was more work at so much per hour, and a friend here and there who would give a scholarship.

This was a bridge between the country youth with limited means and opportunity, and the only one in Florida. State schools demand a High School certificate. High Schools hark back to years of graded work. What of the lad and lass in the country?

Here was a welcome.

I could not be present but I think Dr. Thomas was.

What had it to offer?

In buildings and equipment there was a boys' dormitory, annex and laundry, a girls' dormitory, chapel and dining-room, a building for intermediate work, three cottages, two barns, a dairy house, granaries, stables with cement gutters, two horses, three cows, wagon, separator and a few farming implements and tools.

The buildings were congested and the equipments wholly insufficient, but it was a plunge toward the ideal—and it was bigger than Harvard was once and richer than Tuskeegee at its birth.

I have just returned from a visit there and the twinkle of the lights in the many windows where once was only the soughing of the pines made the tears come. It is in almost a stone's throw of our old home. Some of the buildings overlook the beautiful lake, and a block on the summit was bought and reserved for the administration building, — the Thomas Memorial, which, however, is yet only in the eye of faith.

With all our limitations twenty acres of corn and four acres of potatoes, sweet and Irish, with much garden truck, have been planted, and many oranges and grape-fruit and 1,000 fig trees.

Books are not neglected nor literature and the higher arts. Hiawatha, with all its quaint settings, was given by the students one evening around the lakes of Alpine Park. Alpine Park was the favorite haunt of Wallace Bruce, the poet, who passed to rest last winter. He named it for his mother, McAlpine, of noble Scotch birth. There were wigwams and canoes and red men with gay feathers and warwhoops, and sighing music and well delivered parts, and a thousand people to cheer their favorites. I was proud of their first open air effort.

Then it was so pleasant to stroll over the farm with a squad of boys and pick out an athletic field, or try to, and listen to their hopes for another year, and learn of brothers and sisters or schoolmates they expected to bring, and then later to plunge into the

lake with the girls, for it was "tub night" in the lake.

The South is in the midst of a reconstructed period of agriculture, and Thomas Institute has a mighty mission.

Florida is poor but she is rich in children.

Are there not some friends, friends of Dr. Thomas, and friends of progress, and friends of the New South with its growing ambitions and ideals who would delight to lend a hand? Northern friends have been generous to the colored people. God bless every giver and every gift; but have not our white children some claim? Have not these been in a deep sense the victims of the past? I think so, and nowhere, in no time can help count for more than here, where the soil is fraught with consecration and endeavor.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

Chicago Lawn.

Bergson and Philosophy

Bergson is, as I have maintained for several years, an artist, a poet, but not a philosopher. Christians have been attracted to Bergson because they have been told that he combines, with the latest philosophy, the loftiest ethics and the great ideas of Christianity. He comes in the nick of time to comfort and strengthen them. Is it not significant, however, that at the great meeting of naturalists recently held at Vienna, the most celebrated and most important of the many jubilees held this year, the name of Haeckel should be so gratefully remembered, and his fifty years in the service of science so greatly honored, while not one of those distinguished scientists and philosophers mentioned with respect the name of Bergson. Indeed, thinkers like Bradley, Dickinson and Sir Roy Lankester rejected utterly the philosophy of Bergson, because it rests upon the old dualistic "soul theory of theology," a theory which science has shown to be impossible.

Bergson is an artist in words, and his idea of life, which he gives us in gorgeous purple phrases as an ineffable energy invading matter, and bursting at last into the wonderful human flower, is fine, but utterly unscientific, because it does not rest upon a shred of proof.

Bergson also asserts that the difference between the unconscious brain of the animal and the conscious brain of the man is a difference not of degree but of kind; that is, he separates man from the rest of the animal world by an impassable gulf.

But listen to Haeckel: "No important philologist can hesitate any longer to admit that our elaborate, rational language has been gradually developed out of the imperfect speech of our Pliocene, Simian ancestors."

And he further says that comparative anatomy proves the identity of the human body with the body of the anthropoid Simians and the "impassable gulf" of Bergson becomes only a dream.

Prof. Bergson thinks he has dethroned the human intellect by inventing a fanciful faculty which he calls "intuition," by which the unlettered man may discover truths impossible to men of science and philosophy. Of course the emotion aroused by poetry, music and religions is among the most precious and inspiring things in this sad world; but it is a big illusion to think of getting real knowledge otherwise than by intelligence or by any other method than the method of science and philosophy.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

"The Inside of the Cup"—A Critique

To the number of good stories which have come from his pen, Mr. Winston Churchill has added another, the strongest, most gripping of all. First a word about the species of writings to which this novel belongs. As a novel it is a piece of Literature, and Literature belongs to the realm of Art. What is the relation of Art to the subject dealt with in this novel? "The Inside of the Cup" is a novel with a purpose; written in support of a theory. Its author has certain ideas about the church and the clergy; about business, poverty, and the whole structure of modern society. To get his theories before the world he does not mount a platform, nor scatter pamphlets; he employs the more elastic, more popular and more enduring medium of fiction, i. e., of Art.

Now the one thing to say of great Art is that it does not theorize, it does not explain; especially it does not attempt to answer political and social problems.

The questions which now agitate the world are, "How can wealth be more evenly distributed? How can more be done for the toilers? What shall we do about insanity, prostitution and disease?"

You will not find definite answers to these questions in the great literary masters. They are not in the New Testament, not in Sophocles, in Dante, Goethe or Shakespeare. We do find in these books descriptions of life in all its phases and under all conditions. We read these descriptions and interpret them for ourselves. This holds true for the older novels and novelists. The story writers of old rarely if ever, write with a sociological purpose. It may be they had such purposes but they are not outward and visible in their writings. Take the popular Adventures of Don Quixote; that gallant, eccentric and deluded knight, accompanied by the prosy minded Sancho, goes through a thousand adventures, some ludicrous, some dangerous; we have a long delightful series of intimate pictures of Spanish life. And who ever as he reads it, thinks of it as a "story with a purpose"? Cervantes had an aim of course; he hit the very center of the target, but he never preaches or explains or lectures. You grasp his purpose, not because he thrusts it at you; not because it sticks out like "quills upon the fretful porcupine" from every part of the book: you get his lesson from the effect of the story as a whole; from its total impression on the mind. There is no social propaganda in The Adventures of Gil Glas, nor in the Waverly novels.

But when we come to the modern novel we have sociological theories in plenty. Some of them are nine parts Sociology to one part of Romance; a thick body of hard, crude theory varnished over with a thin veneer of action. And as we can all testify, such novels are the least interesting, the least stimulating of all. Victor Hugo in France and Dickens in England were the great beginners in this new school of novelists; and from their day to our own the stream of sociological fiction has been flowing in every increasing volume; some of it extremely good, some mere ephemeral foam and trash. Of the better kind we recall That Printer of Udells, The Calling of Dan Matthews, good strong stories read by millions.

It is to this better class of sociological novels that Mr. Churchill's book belongs. He puts the question,

"What is the matter with the modern church?" and as he unfolds his answer we learn that the church does not stand alone; its disease cannot be isolated; its symptoms are those of an ailment common to business and finance and domestic life as well as to the church.

Now for the story. John Hodder is the hero; a man in his prime, athletic, well set up, with broad shoulders, strong hands and limbs; a face and head to match such a body. There is a suggestion of latent power about him as of something suppressed, that might break out. Those who knew him felt that if once he let himself go, he would go far.

Hodder is extremely "orthodox" in his opinions, political and social as well as theological. He has a short pastorate in a New England village, where he does good work, builds up his church, wins general respect, then comes a call to the church of St. Johns in a western city, evidently St. Louis.

Here is a mile stone in Hodder's career. He feels it without realizing in the least what it is going to mean for him. He accepts, and for two years works with great zeal in this larger vineyard of the Lord. At the end of that period comes a crisis; it is the second mile stone, and from it his life takes a new direction. Two things trouble him; first he cannot get hold of the poor people who live all around the church. There is Dalton Street full of apartments, shops, saloons, hotels, with a miscellaneous mass of humanity; but somehow it is all closed against him. He is like a man looking through the bars of a gate. True he does see something of these people; the mothers come to the parish house to drink tea and hear talks; the children come to the play rooms and classes; but there the thing ends. They do not come to the church; they are not touched by the doctrines of Christianity. What is the reason? Hodder is troubled because he is so much of a man, so genuine in his religion. His own people are wealthy; they are the leaders in the financial and social life of the city, and they respect and love him. But this is not enough; a gnawing unrest seizes him.

He begins to suspect himself and his own doctrines. Something in his own soul or in the things which he has so confidently been preaching—or in both together stands between him and the thing he wants to do. He is like the sailor who sees to his terror that the anchors are dragging.

Such a man as Hodder will do nothing by halves. His motto is "thorough." He resolves to find the answers to his own questions; to go to the very bottom of his trouble.

In the meantime there has grown up a rare intimacy between him and his most wealthy and influential parishioner. Eldon Parr is respected by some, feared by more but friendly with almost nobody. Hodder finds him living alone in a splendid great house and they become intimate. Parr is a lonely man; his son, a weak ne'er-do-well, is wandering about the world; his daughter, Allison, is just the opposite of her brother; strong willed, independent, a type of the new woman. She has left home and become a landscape architect in New York. Into this lonely man's heart Hodder is permitted to enter; to see the man from the inside and realize how human he is at the core.

Mr. Parr is "old fashioned," self made, hard, shrewd and impenetrable to the world; but Hodder had seen the lonely, disappointed and suffering heart of the man.

Then comes the meeting with Allison Parr, who is home on a visit. That is another crucial event. She is the heroine as Hodder is the hero of the story. The relations between these two; the impact of the one on the other and the result of this mutual influence give us the romance of the story. Miss Parr comes into Hodder's life just at the time she is needed; she supplies something he has lacked; she understands him even better than he understands himself; her woman's eye sees the working of his very soul. She is his good angel, "nerving the sides of his good intent."

Just at the time of his great crisis, when his theories and beliefs are beginning to totter, and the solid ground to shake beneath his feet he found the first element of help and strength in the soul of Allison Parr.

In the vacation of his second year at St. Johns this happens. Hodder, declining a pressing invitation from Mr. Parr to go on a yachting cruise, sets himself to exploring the volcano of unrest in his bosom. He is tempted to resign—but hesitates; he reads many books, passes many hours in anxious, earnest thought, and after going over the whole field of theology, comes out —but not by the gate at which he entered. He went in an orthodox believer in the divine claims of the Church—in the creeds, the apostolic succession, the virgin birth and an infallible bible. He comes out a very decent and respectable Unitarian. There is nothing in his newly found doctrines which the book hails as "Another morn risen on mid noon" which has not been written and preached for a hundred years among Unitarians. I affirm this of the theology of Hodder, not of his economics.

At the same time he is making these discoveries and passing through this mental ordeal, he is also making other discoveries among the people. He comes to know in a very personal, human and helpful way various people in Dalton St. Dickey Garvin the sick child, Kate Marcy, a street walker, and Horace Bentley, the apostle to the poor.

This Mr. Bentley is a most winsome character. He is old, but sweet and mellow like ripe fruit; he wins the love and confidence of hundreds by his sweetness, tranquility and sincerity. Hodder looks upon him as a perfect Christian; both he and Miss Parr turn to Mr. Bentley as to one in whom the promise had been fulfilled, "he that overcometh, to him will I give to eat of the tree of Life." Throughout the story this ripened character is felt as an influence, an atmosphere; he is not described, he is rather suggested and felt.

These three people are little Dicky, Kate Marcy and Horace Bentley, all victims of Eldon Parr's financial crookedness. Thus Hodder's eyes are opened to the true meaning of Parr's success. He has robbed and crushed the poor through the tricks of law and stock jobbing. Parr himself does not see this and will not admit it; but to Hodder the case is clear against him. He discovers that other rich men in his parish are men of doubtful character. In short he sees that this is just the seat of all his troubles. This is what had baffled and disappointed him;—why his work had borne no fruits among the poor. They knew these men. They cared not a straw for a church supported by such creatures.

The Church, his own St. Johns, was not a true church. His supporters were no real christians, but

used religion as a cloak of respectability to cover their rascality, their hardness and selfishness.

With his mind filled with the newer truths of religion and his soul smarting under the social wrongs of the poor, Hodder is thoroughly aroused. The latent, dynamic power of the man emerges. He resolves on a crusade. As his friends had said, "if he ever starts he will go far."

He will not leave the church. That he settles as he gazes upon the figure of Christ in a window in the dim, empty church; he thinks the face smiles upon him and a mysterious and blessed influence seems to descend, to touch him so that his heart leaps. I am glad that Hodder made that choice—or that Mr. Churchill made it for him. He felt and believed that the wrongs of society can only be set right when a genuine religion is burning in the hearts of the people. The new "social conscience" with its cry for justice and reform is the heart and soul of true religion. It is saying to the church in the very words of Christ to the hypocritical men of his time, "cleanse thou the inside of the cup, and make clean the inside of the platter." This he would do; remain in St. Johns and cleanse the cup from within.

What such a man would do and how he would do it is perfectly plain; we can forecast it long before we come to the actual clashings, strifes and heartburnings of the story. He is brave, he is simple, he is convinced. He has the facts, and he has received his message from on High. Such a man will not palliate, nor delay, nor compromise. There will be no parleying, no armistice. He will not tell beforehand what he is going to do or say. He will strike quick and hard, straight from the shoulder and hit the enemy in his vital parts. He will not be cunning or shrewd or treacherous. He will not lose his temper, but he will speak in a level tone words that cut like knives and tear like bullets.

This is his temperament; the mould in which he is cast. Accordingly thus he does say and do. I can best show this by his treatment of Eldon Parr. He seeks an interview and tells him "eye to eye," that he is no christian and never has been: that far from being a useful and respectable man, he is no better than a thief and a murderer.

What did Hodder expect to gain from this broadside denunciation? Did he expect the banker would repent and make restitution? He tells him that is what he should do—but does he really believe this is the way to convert a soul and lead it into newness of life? Apparently not, for he says to Parr as he is leaving, "I expected to fail in this and I have failed."

In his outspoken condemnation of the rich man Hodder is true to his type as I have sketched it. He doesn't wait for any "psychological moment." He has self control but no tact. He has the strength and the weakness; the virtues and the defects of the fighting type. He is all for instant engagement and sounds the charge with a blast of the trumpet.

In making him act thus the author shows the truth of his art. He creates a type, then makes the words and acts consistent with it. But we, the readers, have a right to ask, "was this the way to redeem the soul of Eldon Parr? Was there, is there another and better way? Better because more successful. Can we not imagine a different treatment—not from Hodder—but another way than that tactless, brutal attack? Hodder is a fighter; he does not lack love and sympathy, but here his combative instincts rule him. Could not a man in whom sympathy predominated and who had some power to put himself in the place of another by imagination, have done the thing better? Remember the hold which the preacher had upon the banker; how intimate and friendly they had become. Suppose that this had been taken as the starting point of a campaign to win the soul of the banker. This friendship grows and ripens till the minister has such a leverage and such a hold that he is really able to influence his man. That is the way Dr. Lavender would have done; the kind of strategy he would have used. With this firm hold on Mr. Parr through his affections his eyes might have been opened and his life radically changed. He and the minister would have been bound together in a life long league of friendship and benefit. All that Hodder ordered him to do he would have done under a milder and wiser management.

What, actually did Hodder gain? He came to a house where he had been given honorable and kindly treatment; whose owner had allowed him, a guest, a peep into his sore and lonely soul—and he strikes him in the face! There is no hiding this fact that it was a discourteous and foolish thing to do—if you are dealing with real life and not writing a scenario. Strange, passing strange, that the proud, silent, powerful man did not instantly repent! These blows should have opened his eyes. We are quite certain that the author's practical instincts are wiser and sounder than his artistic ones. We are given to understand all along that this scene will not work when "put on." Hodder is to call Parr a thief and a murderer, because this is the way to save him. At the word "thief," Parr will put on sackcloth; at the word "murderer" he will cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Well how does it come out? What does Hodder accomplish? He lost completely and forever all influence over the banker. If he wanted to save him or convert him, he cut the only chord that existed between them. Henceforth nothing that he could do or say would have any influence over Mr. Parr. But of course in a story we all want this sort of thing; we enjoy these belligerant characters. They make "the fur fly"; they agitate and smash things. Hence they are much more suitable for dramatic treatment than the gentle, patient, long waiting type of reformers, who work on lines and shun short cuts.

There is such a mixture of elements in Hodder that we admire him, and we follow his course with keen interest. He preaches his new doctrines; he drives out a large part of the older families from his church; he refuses to resign and is cited before the Bishop; St. Johns is filled with new folks, reformers, shop girls, domestics. He enlarges his acquaintance in Dalton street, coming closer to people, understanding them better. He helps rescue Kate Marcy: he wins Allison Parr's love.

It is a stirring tale; a gallant strife which thousands have read and applauded. But the first effect of a story is not always the one that lasts. As I have read it a second time I would put a question mark before several things. One or two that seem to me fallacious and dangerous.

First, however, a word about the main thing—the attempt to cleanse the cup from the inside. There can be no two opinions here. Every right thinking man

must say "amen" to Hodder's declaration that the church is sick when men like Eldon Parr control it. Such a church must be cleansed or it will die and it ought to die. Hodder was exactly right; St. Johns was no true church of Jesus Christ; Parr, Plympton and the rest of them on the vestry were not christians —never had been—and did not know christianity when they saw it.

All honor to Hodder; all honor and thanks, all praise and fame to Mr. Churchill for putting this so clearly and powerfully before us. He has stripped away the rags of respectability, letting us see the sick body of the church under the rags.

But if Mr. Churchill means to tell us (which I doubt) that the churches of America are all in this case, or any considerable number of them, I believe he is utterly mistaken. Such a case as that of Hodder's church is a very rare thing; it bears about the same relation to the churches of America as a bank failure does to the rest of the banks. In no case is it true of any church that I know anything about; not one has been controlled by a man like Parr.

Hodder's sympathy for the poor; his burning desire to reach them and bring them into the church, we share to the fullest extent. But I should like to call attention to the different standards of judgment applied in this story. There is not the same justice for the poor and the rich; for the shop girl and the owner of the shop. But there is one standard for the one and another for the other. Hodder judges Kate Marcy and her kind with utmost sympathy, there is no word of reproach or blame; they are not sinners but victims caught in the net; spirits broken on the wheels of our social machinery.

But for Eldon Parr and Wallace Plympton and their kind he has only stern, unflinching justice. For Kate Marcy there is kindness, probation and, though she has sinned seventy times seven she is worthy to receive pardon. On the capitalists this sentence is pronounced: "They have had their chance, and they failed; let them take the consequences."

No halving of blame; no sharing of responsibility. A poor man is not to blame; society is responsible for his sins. A rich man is wholly to blame for his crimes and society is not responsible. This is contradicted in other parts of the book where the general thesis is put forward that all sinners and wrong doers,—street walkers, political grafters and stock manipulators, are not really personally guilty because they are all victims of a corrupting system. To reach the roots and change the system private property must disappear. Against all these propositions we set a question mark.

Another thing. We are given to understand that what prevented Hodder from close contact with the people of Dalton Street was the kind of theology he held. Orthodoxy is a non-conductor.

But this is plainly not true. Anybody knows that the Roman Catholic church is reaching and holding millions with a theology even more orthodox than Hodder's. There is General Booth and the Salvation Army and all they have done for the wretched—yet their theology is undisturbed by modern thought.

The doctrine of marriage in this book is false and dangerous. What a strange ending to a romance! Two plighted lovers discussing divorce with the solemnity of a professor of morals; they reach the great, new truth that God gives us our affections and He takes them away. WE have nothing to do in the matter. With glistening eyes the woman says: "And you will preach this John, all of it?" When John swears that he will, "her face was transfigured."

Well in one word this great new truth is old—hoary. The Greeks and Romans taught it; so did the sentimentalists of France with Rousseau and George Sand. Love is not of our choosing; it comes, it goes; we have nothing to do with it—only follow where it leads. And if it leads a married man in the direction of another man's wife—who is he that he dare resist it? Love is a god; who can resist a god? Allison Parr says, "I cannot promise to love you John; it is absurd to promise to love." Readers of George Sand will recognize the teaching, perhaps even the words of one who felt herself emancipated from custom, above law; one who followed the compulsions of Cupid to live with some eight different men without being married to any.

The christian religion says that love is to a great extent in our control, and we do have something,—indeed very much to do with it. It does not say, "Thou mayest love God;" nor "Thou mayest love him at one time but not at others." It says, "Thou *shalt* love the Lord thy God." It does not say, "You are permitted to love your neighbor." It says, "Thou *shalt* love thy neighbor as thyself." And if it seem absurd to Allison Parr to promise to love Hodder; if it seem even more absurd for a man to be commanded to love a shrewish wife; what shall be done with this saying of Jesus, "Thou shalt love thine enemies?"

Madison, Wis. FRANK A. GILMORE.

ANGELIC SERVICE.

"In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen, but doing the work there are, not mortals in old dresses, but beautiful white-winged angels. . . . . It is the angel-arm and standard in an act that consecrates it."—*William C. Gannett.*

No angel is so high
But serveth clowns and kings,
And doth lowly things.
He in this serviceable love can see
The symbol of a heavenly mystery,—
So labor grows white wings.

No angel bravely drest
In larkspur-colored gown
But he will kneel him down
And sweep with careful art the meanest floor,
Singing the while he sweeps and toiling more
Because he wears a crown.

Set water on to boil,
An angel helps thee straight,
Kneeling beside the grate
With pursed mouth he bloweth up the flame,
Chiding the tardy kettle that for shame
It makes an angel wait.

Make thou conserves, the while
Two little cherubs stand
Tiptoe at either hand.
And one would help thee stir, and one would skim
The golden juice that foams about the brim,
So serveth thy command.

Lady, thou are a queen,
Thy kitchen an estate,
Within its wall be great,
Rule prudently. With face kind and bland,
Crowned heads and folded wings, for thy command
And service angels wait.

—*W. M. Letts.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The Enlarging Conception of God

This book of Dr. Youtz is a worthy effort to find spiritual reality. It meets a pressing need in this age when the tyranny of scholastic forms is losing its grip and letting the mind go free over the high seas of religious thinking. Is there no chronometer abroad?

This freedom is today increasing "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," as Pres. King would say. It certainly is dissolving the "rigid finalities" of thought-forms imposed upon us by decrees of church councils and edicts of emperors and leaving us where we thought we were dead sure, just as surely uncertain. Now to be shown so plainly, as this short study reveals it, that there is peril in certainty, is a stimulant to independent thinking. "The Peril of a Safe Theology" is the subject of one chapter of the book.

While the majority of people still feel the need of an infallible guide for life, it is important that they be clearly taught that "certain personal capacities and moral insights and sympathies shrink and shrivel when they are over subsidized by external securities."

Life is a growth and to be stretched and secured to a steel frame is to be stifled. We were intended to sail the ocean. To be anchored to a dogmatic ledge and mistake our swinging with the tide for progress is fatal. "Faith is the only mental attitude that overcomes the world—not security."

"The great reality is spirit. Christian living is not second-hand but first-hand contact with the Living Father." Jesus leads to the source of spiritual life. This is his mediation and we are not to walk in His steps—imitation—but be led by Him into His own deep experience of spirituality, into His own contact with the Source of Life. "Imitative Christianity fails, Creative Christianity conquers." So one is to approach the Bible not for models, precedents, rules as to the "only rule of faith and practice" but for realities of spiritual and ethical experiences. These realities grow out of living conditions not in any fixed forms. "A guaranteed rule of action contradicts life's freedom; a rigid programme means the defeat of the Church.

This leads me to speak of what is to me the chief value of the book to the teacher of ethics and religion, and unless the preacher be a teacher, he is nothing but a ranter. The public school teacher has been advised to read Dickens for first lessons in pedagogy—to learn how not to do it. Dr. Youtz certainly shows us how not to do it and more. He shows us how to do it.

The book's emphasis is on method. It is not an attempt to reconstruct theology but to show how—how to approach the Bible, how to follow the leadership of Jesus, how to think about God, how to find the generic reality, namely, a present God, revealing himself today and everywhere as well as of old on the Judean hills.

It is a worthy ambition, but it is very high—the ambition to solve the problem of method "in thinking or interpreting religious truth" so that the heart shall be satisfied without scandalizing the mind; and the mind shall be satisfied without starving the heart. But let one read the book and he will see that a beam of light is thrown upon the problem.

Most fittingly the book closes with a discourse preached to students which admirably illustrates the method which Dr. Youtz urges.

SAMUEL E. EASTMAN, D. D.
Senior Pastor, Park Church, Elmira, N. Y.

Summer Books

Rev. Dr. Hillis has written an interesting story called "The Story of Phoedreus," to illustrate the origin of the New Testament. It is not only attractive as a story, but it really embodies the final decision of scholars as to the origin of the Gospels. It is published by the *Macmillans,* and in their usual very attractive style.

The *Macmillans* send me, in their Bohns Popular Library, "Five Essays by Lord Macaulay." Anyone who has read an essay of Macaulay's can read it over again once a week. This little book is a first-class pocket book, especially good for a farmer to read out in the lot at his noon hour. It will give him just that element of literature which will make plain living and hard work less plain and less hard.

One more book comes from *Macmillans* in their "Bible for Home" list. This one is a commentary on the books of Amos, Hosea and Micah. I cannot recommend these books to the common reader, although they are far better than the raw Scriptures.

From the same house I receive "Democracy and Race Friction." This is a study in social ethics by Prof. John Mecklin of the University of Pittsburg. Its contents can best be explained, without comment, by the contents. Chapter 1, The Basis of Social Solidarity; Chapter 2 and Chapter 3 are both a discussion of Race Traits. Chapter 4 discusses the Negro and His Social Heritage. Race Prejudice takes Chapter 5; and Chapter 6 discusses The Philosophy of the Color Line. Chapter 7 is a very interesting discussion of Creating a Conscience. Chapter 8 gives us The Negro and the Supreme Court; and Chapter 9 discusses Equality Before the Law. It seems to be a worn out topic, but the reader will find that the book is fresh and entertaining throughout.

From *Doubleday, Page & Co.* I get one of the neatest little brochures I have even seen. It illustrates, by pictures as well as print, the establishment of that remarkable publishing firm out in the country. Garden City is the country glorified, as it is the city freshened and sweetened and illuminated by Nature. I for one am proud of *Doubleday, Page & Co.* It was worth the while for them to not only tell us in print how to live in the country, but to tell us by practical work. The time is surely coming when the city will be melted up into a great suburbanism. We shall find our groceries in groves, and our grocers will receive us as we alight from aeroplanes at their doors. There is no reason for being packed as New York and Chicago are packed in order to do business.

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor.

MON.—To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.

TUES.—The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.

WED.—Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

THURS.—'Tis the heart's current lends the cup its glow,
Whate'er the fountain whence the draught may flow.

FRI.—A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

SAT.—Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low-vaulter past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

JUST A CLERK

Lord, I am but a little clerk,
That scratches with a pen;
I rise and eat and toil and sleep,
Just as all other men.

The only colors in my life
Are drabs, and duns, and grays,
Yet on the whole I am content
To tread the beaten ways.

But sometimes when the mid-Spring mist
Floats in the scented night,
Strange spirits whisper in my ear,
And visions cross my sight.

I see myself a gracious youth,
In purple and bright steel;
The golden spurs of knightly worth
Are glistening on each heel.

I ride into a world of dreams,
And with my pennoned lance
I pierce the mystic veil that hides
The land of high romance.

But as I pass through Galahad's glades,
Adventuring on my way,
A ghost is ever at my back,
The ghost of every day.

And soon or late its horrid hand,
That never yields or stays,
Will hurl me from my land of dreams,
Back to the beaten ways.

Oh, Lord, some pray to Thee for gold,
Some for a woman's smile;
But all I ask is a breath of life,
Once for a little while.

Grant me, before I pass beyond,
One chance to play a part,
To drop the guise of the little clerk
And show the man at heart.

—H. J. Maclean.

John Muir's Boyhood—II.

"I was put to the plow at the age of twelve, when my head reached but little above the handles, and for many years I had to do the greater part of the plowing. It was hard work for so small a boy; nevertheless, as good plowing was exacted from me as if I were a man, and very soon I had become a good plowman, or rather plowboy. None could draw a straighter furrow."

In spite of all the hard work which fell to him as the eldest son, and the wonderful and fascinating knowledge which he acquired from his constant study of beasts and birds and trees about him, when John Muir was about fifteen years of age he began to grow hungry for the knowledge of books. His father was willing to have him study if his farm work was kept up, and bought him a higher arithmetic, which he finished in one summer in the short intervals of time between dinner and the afternoon start for the fields. After this he took up algebra, geometry and trigonometry and finished them in the same way. His father had brought only religious books from Scotland, but from the neighbors he was able to borrow a dozen or two of all sorts.

"I remember as a great and sudden discovery that the poetry of the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton was a source of inspiring, exhiliarating, uplifting pleasure; and I became anxious to know all the poets, and saved up small sums to buy as many of their books as possible. Within three or four years I was the proud possessor of parts of Shakespeare's, Milton's, Cowper's, Henry Kirke White's, Campbell's and Akenside's works, and quite a number of others seldom read nowadays. I think it was in my fifteenth year that I began to relish good literature with enthusiasm, and smack my lips over favorite lines, but there was desperately little time for reading, even in the winter evenings—only a few stolen minutes now and then. Father's strict rule was, straight to bed immediately after family worship, which in winter was usually over by eight o'clock."

Finally, his father, who, night after night had to give the boy a separate order to go to bed, said to him: "If you *will* read, get up in the morning and read. You may get up in the morning as early as you like."

"That night I went to bed wishing with all my heart and soul that somebody or something might call me out of sleep to avail myself of this wonderful indulgence, and next morning to my joyful surprise I awoke before father called me. A boy sleeps soundly after working all day in the snowy woods, but that frosty morning I sprang out of bed as if called by a trumpet blast, rushed downstairs, scarce feeling my chilblains, enormously eager to see how much time I had won; and when I held up my candle to the little clock that stood on a bracket in the kitchen, I found that it was only one o'clock. I had gained five hours, almost half a day! 'Five hours to myself,' I said, 'five huge, solid hours" I can hardly think of any other event in my life, any discovery I ever made that gave birth to joy so transportingly glorious as the possession of these five frosty hours."

Angora goats have been used with profit to keep fire lines clear of inflammable vegetation on national forests in California.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS—THEIR PERIL.

No problem in England today more urgently demands legislation than that of child labor. The Bishop of Oxford said some time ago: "Take your boys and girls as they leave school at fourteen; delightful people, full of hope and brightness and intelligence. Then you catch them five years after. . . . you have turned these delightful boys and girls into these stupid creatures of routine, without hope, without principles, without interests."

The problem is, indeed, as Mr. Keeling shows in his admirable book, "Child Labor in the United Kingdom," even worse than stated here, for there are, he estimates, something over half a million children aged under fourteen years working either part or whole time. At an age when the children of the well-to-do are just commencing their education these children of the workers are plunged into the industrial world

There is the boy of whom we buy our evening paper, aged eleven, calling his "extra special" through the streets till nine o'clock, coming into contact with bad associations, and inevitably deteriorating. Even where by-laws have been adopted under the Employment of Children Act, it is, as Mr. Keeling shows, a rare thing for the minimum age for this wretched form of employment to be over thirteen years. There is the boy who brings our milk in the morning, aged perhaps ten or eleven, who rises at 5:30, and after two or three hours' work rushes into school from a hurried breakfast, very possibly with more work before him in the afternoon. Then there are the thirty thousand or more poor little "half-timers," as young as twelve years, working their six or so hours in the factory, and then passing into the schools, weary or more or less indifferent, for their afternoon schooling. The London Juvenile Advisory Committee has shown that the hours of errand and shop boys are commonly over seventy a week.

As one reads of the attempt to get legislation, year after year; of bills introduced and failing to pass into law, one is reminded of the fight, of which this book gives such a vivid account, to save the little chimney sweeps—girls as well as boys, from the age of five upwards, compelled to climb chimneys in a perfectly naked state, and contracting skin and other diseases from contact with the soot; on occasion actually bought and sold, or hired out by a master, who kept an excessive number of apprentices.

"When mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could hardly cry, "Weep! weep! weep! weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep."

Just as in the past ten years we have regulated child employment, so the proposal in 1785 was that boys were not to be sent up chimneys measuring less than a certain size. It was not till 1840 that Parliament decided that there were to be no more "climbing boys." Will it decide in 1914 to put an end altogether to wage earning by children?

A bill has been introduced by Mr. R. D. Denman (Employment and School Attendance Bill) and has passed its second reading. Its main objects are: (1) To fix 13 as the minimum school-leaving age, and to give local authorities the power to raise the age for compulsory attendance to 15; (2) to allow children aged 13 to be exempted only when they propose to enter genuinely beneficial employments; (3) to make the minimum age for street trading 15 years for boys and 17 for girls; (4) to give local education authorities power to regulate the hours and conditions of employment of children aged under 16, including the arrangement for compulsory evening schools.

The evils of the present state of affairs are so well known, and the remedy is so obvious, that it is to be hoped that the opposition of the "interests" affected —the parents who are not sufficiently far-seeing, the employers too far-seeing —will be overcome and the bill passed into law. When this does come about it will be not a little owing to the propaganda work and writings of Mr. Frederick Keeling, to whom and to the British Section of the International Association for Labor Legislation, every student of this question will be grateful for this enclyclopedic and valuable book.

W. H. J.

The Christian Commonwealth.

IN MR. TAGORE'S SCHOOL.

British M. P. Describes the Indian Poet's Institution.

Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M P., has again returned from India, and describes in the *Chronicle* his interesting visit to the school of the Nobel prize-winner and Bengal poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who was so recently in England, and whose books are now having a very large sale.

"On my way from Delhi to Calcutta I spent a day at the Santiniketan (literally 'the abode of peace'), near Bolpur, where Rabindranath Tagore has his school," writes Mr. MacDonald.

"Bolpur is on a side line upon which trains linger long and where every station has its kaleidoscopic crowd of bustling, chattering, bright-colored humanity. It runs through a flat plain broken by paddy fields and clumps of palm trees. It was harvest-time, and, as we dawdled along, there was plenty of time to watch the ingathering of the rice. In nearly every field there were little black things busy, some with the sickle, some tying the cut straw into bundles. It was mid-afternoon when I started the forty-mile journey on the loop-line, but night had fallen and fires were gleaming from the grass huts before Bolpur was reached. Out for over a mile through the village and into the plain I was driven, and found my night's abode in a large house hidden among trees, the home of Rabindranath Tagore.

"Some half-century ago Maharshi Devendranath, the poet's father, finding that an unbroken attention to the affairs of the world was not good for the soul, sought some secluded spot where he might occasionally retire for solitary meditation, and under the chatim trees which grew on the plain he found it. There he could sit under the shade with nothing but the vast flat of untilled land, green after the rains, but a brick-dust desert under the sun, in front of him, and think of Him, who, according to the carving on the marble seat and tablet which now mark the spot, 'is indeed the rest of my heart, the peace of my mind, and the joy of my soul.' There he built an 'arsam,' a house where the devout might dwell while on devotional mission, and a kind of a chapel where for about forty years prayers were said daily. But no one went there except the Tagores, and it looked as though the place, like so many similar places in India, was to fall into decay with him who built and endowed it.

"But the son, Rabindranath, desired otherwise. A garden of trees had grown up round the house. The area of shaded peace had extended, and here he proposed to found a school. Thus, since 1901, the voices of children have broken the solitude of the waste. Dormitories thatched with grass were built and were filled. Master's houses appeared in sheltered places, and red and purple creepers covered them. The waste became playing fields. When I was there about

190 boys and 20 masters were in the settlement.

"It is difficult to explain the feelings which possess one who goes to such institutions. They have nothing to do with Government; their staff is not official; their system is not an enforced mechanical routine. At the Santiniketan they complained that when their boys reached the University matriculation standard educational methods had to be adopted which the teachers regretted. These schools are native to the soil like the trees which grow out of it.

"Here India leans upon herself and issues from herself. There is no attempt made to impose something foreign, to uproot or to force; no necessity to guard alien methods by alien instructors. The teachers are Indian, Indian in their thoughts, in their habits, in their sympathies, in their dress. Government aid has been refused because the conditions under which it would be given could not be acceptable. 'They would have made my boys sit on benches,' said Mr. Tagore with a quiet smile, 'whereas, I think it far better that they should sit on mats under the trees.' Hence it has been frowned upon; it has been put on the police black list; attempts have been made to suppress it; it has been the subject of threatening official circulars issued to parents. The persecution has only endeared it to its founder. It has been kept going at the cost of much sacrifice. Into its exchequer Mr. Tagore has put not only the Nobel prize, but the royalties on his books.

"I awoke early in the morning while the dawn was still but a tinge of light in the darkness. Outside there was sweet singing, and I was told that every morning the school choir went round the gardens chanting hymns. The day is closed in the same way. For a quarter of an hour in the morning and the evening the boys sit in meditation. Twice a week they assemble in the chapel for common worship, and Rabindranath speaks to them and exhorts them to good living. They do all their own housework, even to their washing, and their clothes are spotless. There used to be a manager, but they have recently dispensed with his services, and elect from themselves a committee to do his work. One of the results is that in the purchase of rice alone a saving of a hundred rupees a month is being made. This practice of self-government runs throughout the school.

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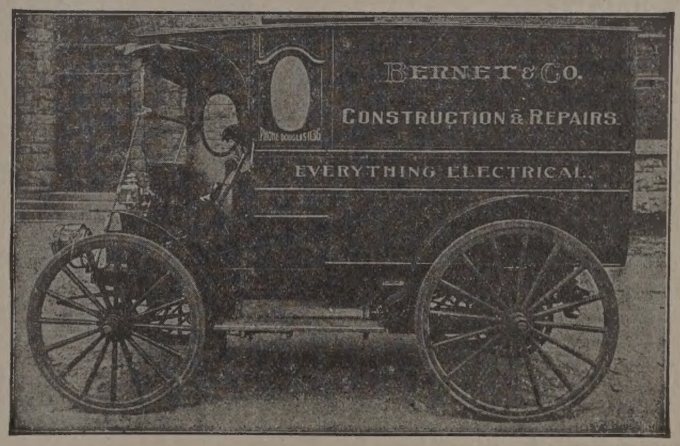

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